THE COLD YEARE.

1614.

A deepe Snow: In which Men and Cattell haue perished,

To the generall losse of Farmers, Graziers, Husbandmen, and all sorts of people in the Countries; and no lesse hurtfull to Citizens.

Written Dialogue-wise, in a plaine familiar talke betweene a London Shop-keeper, and a North-Country-man.

In which, the Reader shall finde many things for his profit.

Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Thomas Langley* [illegible] where they are to be sold. 1614.

The great Snow.

A DIALOGVE:

The ſpeakers:

A Citizen, a North-Country-man.

North-Country-man.

GOD ſaue you Sir: here's a Letter directs me to ſuch a ſigne as that hanging ouer your doore; (and if I be not deceaued) this is the Shoppe: Is not your name Maſter N. B?

Citizen.

N. B. is my name (Father:) What is your buſineſſe?

Nor. I haue Letters to you out of the North.

Cit. From whom, I pray?

Nor. From one Maſter G. M. of Y.

Cit. I know him very well; and if I may heare by you that he is in health, I ſhall thinke you a bringer of good and happie newes.

Nor. Good and happy newes doe I bring you then; (for thankes be to God) health and hee haue not parted this many a yeare.

Cit. Truſt me, your tidings warmes my heart, as cold as the weather is.

Nor. A Cup of mulld Sacke (I thinke) would doe you more good. But to put a better heate into you, I haue from your Friends and mine, brought you two Bagges full of comfort, each of them weighing a hundred pounds of currant English money.

Money is more comfortable to a Citizen, than burnt Wine.

Cit. Birlady Sir, the Sacke you spake of, would not goe downe halfe so merrily, as this newes: For Money was neuer so welcome to Londoners (especially tradesmen) as it is now.

Nor. Why? Is it as scanty heere, as with vs? I thought if the Siluer age had been any where, your Cittie had challenged it. Yet thinkes our Northerne Climate, should onely be without Siluer Mynes, because the Sunne (the soueraigne bearer of riches to Metals) is not so prodigall of his beames to vs. Why, I haue been told, that all the Angels of the Kingdome keepe their reuells in London: May I haue heard, that one of our swaggering Gallants in these dayes, wearing more Riches on his Backe, in Plate, Garters, and Shoo-strings, then would maintaine a good pretty Farme in our Country, and keepe a Plough-land for a whole yeare.

No such matter.

Cit. Wee care not how braue our Gallants go, so their names stand not in our Bookes: For when a Citizen crosses a Gentleman, he holdes it one of the chiefest Cheapside-blessings.

Oh braue doings.

Nor. I vnderstand you Sir: You care not what Colours they weare, so you keepe them not in Black and White.

I beleeue it.

Cit. You measure vs rightly: for the keeping of some so, (that carry their heads full high) makes many a good Shop-keeper oftentimes to hide his head. But that shall you that dwell farre off, and know not what London meanes, thinke (as you say) that all the Angels of the Kingdome keepe their reuells there. The whole Wares lie dead vpon our hands for want of quicke Customers,

see no such matter: but if any Angels doe fly, they haue either their Winges broken and fly not farre; or else are caught like Partridges, a few in a Coute. Albeit Sir, I haue all this while held talke with you, yet mine eye hath runne ouer these Letters, and acknowledge my selfe your debtor, in respect an Age so reuerend (as your head warrants you are) hath been the Messenger. But I hope Sir, some greater especiall businesse of your owne besides, drew you to so troublesome a Journey.

Nor. Troth Sir, no extraordinarie businesse: The Countrimans hands are now held alwell in his Pocket, as the Shopkeepers. That drew mee to London, which drawes you Cittizens out of your Houses; or to speake more truely, driues you rather into your Houses.

Cit. How meane you Sir, the Weather?

Nor. The very same. I haue been an old Bryer, and stood many a Northerly Storme: the Winters haue often blowne bitterly in my Face, Frosties haue nipped my Blood, Pickles (you see) hang at my Beard, and a hill of Snow couers my Head. I am the Sonne of Winter, and so like the Father, that as hee does, I loue to be seene in all places. I had as liefe walke vp to the knees in Snow, as to tread vpon Turkie Carpets: And therefore my Journey to see London once more ere I die, is as merry to mee, as if I were a Woman and went a Gossipping; For the Earth shewes now, as if shee lay inne, (All in White.)

An old man.

Earth lyes in, all in white.

Cit. Belike then you haue heard she hath been deliuered of some strange prodigious Birthes, that you come thus farre, to see her Child-bed?

Nor. I haue from my Childhood spent my best dates in trauell, and haue seene the wonders of other Countries, but am most in loue with this of mine owne.

Cit. Where, if any be borne in her so mell proportion, within a day or two it growes to be a Monster.

Nor. You say true, and iumpe with me in that: For I haue but two Eares; yet these two Eares bring me some a thousand tales in lesse then seuen dayes: Some I hearken to, some I shake my head at, some I smile at, some I thinke true, some I know false. But because this world is like our Millers in the Countrey, knauish and hard to be trusted; though mine eares be mine owne, and good, yet I had rather giue credite to mine Eyes, although they see but badly, yet I know they will not couzen me: these foure seuen yeares they haue not; and that is the reason I haue them my Guides now in this Journey, and shall be my witnesses (when I get home againe, and sitte (as I hope I shall, roasting a Crabbe by the fire) of what wonders I haue seene.

Cit. In good sadnes Father, I am glad to see that such a heape of yeers (lying on your back) you stoope no lower for them: I come short of you by almost forty at the least, and men thinke I am both more lusty, and (but for head and beard) looke as aged.

Surfets kill more then the Sword.

Nor. Oh Sir! riotes, riotes, surfets ouernights, and early parting in next morning, sticke white haires vpon Young-mens chinnes, when sparing dyets holds colour: Your cram'd Capons feed you fatte heere in London; but our Beefe and Bacon feeds as strong in the Countrey. Long sleepes and pall-mixt nights-watchings, dry vp your bloods, and wither your cheekes: We rise to bedde with the Lambe, and rise with the Larke, which makes vs healthfull as the Spring. You are still sending to the Apotheraries, and still crying out, Fetch Maister Doctor to me: But our Apotheraries shoppe, is our Garden full of Pot-hearbes; and our Docter is a clouе of Garlicke: Besides, you fall to Mrenching, and marry heere in London, when a Stranger may thinke you are all Girles in breeches, (your chinnes are so smooth,) and like Corne-sparrowes, are treading so soone as

The Country life and Citty life compared.

as you creepe out of the shell, which makes your liues shoꝛt as theirs is: But in our Countrey, wee hold it as dangerous to venture vpon a Wife, as into a Set-battaile: It was 36. yeare I was preſt to that Seruice; and am now as luſty and ſound at heart (I praiſe my God) as my yoake of Bullockes, that are the ſeruants to my Plough. Early Bridals, make early Burials.

Cit. Yet I wonder, that hauing no moꝛe Sande in the Glaſſe of your life, how you durſt ſet fooꝛth, and how you could come thus farre?

Nor. How I durſt ſet fooꝛth? If it were 88. againe, and all the Spaniſh Fire-wooꝛkes at Sea, I would thruſt this old battered Breaſt-plate into the thickeſt of them. Wee haue Trees in our Towne that beare Fruite in Winter; I am one of thoſe Winter-plummes: And though I taſte a little ſoweꝛ, yet I haue an Oake in my Belly, and ſhall not rotte yet (I hope) foꝛ all this bluſtering weather.

Cit. It were pitie you ſhould yet be felled downe, you may ſtand (no doubt) and growe many a faire yeare.

Nor. Yes Sir, my growing muſt now be downewaꝛd, like an Eare of Coꝛne when it is ripe. But I beſeech you tell mee, Are all thoſe Newes currant, which wee heare in the Country?

Cit. What are they pray?

Nor. Marry ſir, that your goodly River of Thames, (I call it yours, becauſe you are a Citizen, and becauſe it is the Nurſe that giues you Milke and Doup) Is that (as tis repoꝛted) all froꝛen ouer againe, that Coaches run vpon it? The Thames a Nurſe to London.

Cit. No ſuch matter.

Nor. When I paſſed it I prayed God to helpe the Fiſhes; it would be a hard World with them, if their Houſes were taken ouer their heads. But my Sir, I heard it conſtantly affirmed, that all the Ponds of the Citie,

and

vid matter vpon it in battaile Array, one halfe against the other: And by my troth, I would haue ambled on my bare ten-Toes a brace of hundred Miles, to haue seene such a triumph.

Cit. In sadnesse (I thinke) so would thousands besides your selfe: But neither hath the Riuer been this yeare (for all the vehement cold) so hard-hearted, as to haue such a glassy crusted floare; neither haue our Youth been vp in Armes in so dangerous a Fielde: Yet true it is, that the Thames began to play a few cold Christmas Gambolls; and that very Children (in good Array) great numbers, and with Warr-like furniture of Drummes, Cullours, Pikes, and Gunnes, (fit to their handling) haue sundry times mette Armie against Armie, in most of the Fieldes about the Cittie; to the great reioycing of their parents, and numbers of beholders.

Children and Souldiers

Nor. In good sooth I am sorry, I was not one of those Numbers by: I haue been brought vp as a Scholler my selfe, and when I was young, our Masters were wrangling disputations but now it seemes, that Learning inforces, hauing too many Schollers; And that wee shall need Souldiers, when such young Cockrels dooe offer to a Battaile: It shewes like the Epitome of Warre, and it is a wonder for men to read it. Our Painters in former Ages haue not drawne such Pictures. But pou cuse me if I from what I was about else to know.

Cit. What is that, Father?

Nor. A Bird came flying into the North, and chattered, that Snow fell in such abundance within and round about the Cittie of London, that none without could enter; nor any within passe forth.

Cit. Fables, fables. A mere cheate by the shadow, [illegible] how great the distance is: Your owne eyes (vpon [illegible] being in London) can witnesse that [illegible] Bird went [illegible]

Nor. And

Nor. And yet by your fauour, I thinke you haue not seene your Cittie so whited this fourtie yeares.

Cit. Indeede our Chronicles speake of one deepe Snow onely, memorable to our time: and that was about 34. or 36. yeares agoe. The great Snow 36. yeare agoe.

Nor. Nay, not so much, but of your white Beares, Bulles, Lions, &c. we had the description as fully, as if with Snow-balls in our hands, your Prentises and wee silly Countrycloownes had been at their baiting. I remember when I traueld into Rulsia, I haue there seene white Beares, and white Foxes: But some credulous fooles would needes sweare vs downe, that your Cittie was full of such Monsters; and that they ran alive in the Streets, and deuowred people: But I see your Giants, and terrable beardes of Beastes, haue done your Cittie good seruice; for in stead of Graste, they haue had cold Penuanper, and helped to rid away the greater part of your Snow.

Cit. They haue indeede: And yet albeit an Arme from Heauen hath for seuerall yeares one after another, shaken Whips ouer our Land, sometimes scourging vs with strange Inundations of Floods; then with merciless Fires, destroying whole Townes: then with intolerable and killing Frostes, nipping the Fruites of the earth: also for a long season, with scarcitie of Victuals, or in therein great plentie, exceedingly sold deare: And now last of all, with deepe and most dangerous Snowes. Yet (as all the former lashes, the prints being worne out, are forgotten; so of this, wee make but a May-game, fashioning ridiculous Monsters of that, which God in vengeance powres on our heades; when in doing so, wee mocke our owne selues, that are more monstrous and vgly in all the shapes of sinne. Diuers warnings, but no amendment. God strikes, & we laugh as if he did but iest.

Nor. You melt (Sir) out of a heape of Snow, very profitable and holsome instructions. A good distillation.

Citt. To increase which, I pray good Father, tell me what of your selfe you know, or haue heard from others touching the effects of this wonderfull Snow, in those Countries Northward, through which you haue trauelled?

Nor. My Countrie affaires (sometimes vsing Grasing, sometimes following other profitable courses, as the seasons and aduantages of times lead me) haue made me or my Seruants, continuall trauers and trauellers into all the North parts of England: And vpon mine owne knowledge I can assure you, that at other times, when Winter hath but shewen his ordinarie tyrannie, the Countries of Cumberland, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and all those adioyning, haue been so hid in Snow, that a man would haue thought, there was no more possibly to be found in the world.

Citt. So then you must conclude, that the heapes of Snow in those former times, being this peare doubled and trebled, the miserie that falles with it, must by consequence, be multiplyed.

Snowes in other parts of England.

Nor. Multiplyed! I haue met with some that haue come from the Peake in Darbyshire, others (since my comming to Towne) that haue been in Nottingham, Cambridge-shire, and the Ile of Ely; who verily beleeue (vpon the daily reports of poore people, not onely there, but in many other Countries besides) that neuer any Calamitie did happen to them so full of terrour, and so sodainely to vndoe them, their Wiues and Children, as this Snow.

Citt. It is lamentable.

Nor. Mine Eyes are witnesses (bad though they be) that some Countries which stand high, shew for all the world, like the Alpyne Hilles parting France and Italie: (I thanke God, in younger dayes I haue trauelled that way, and therefore know what I speake) for the heapes of

those

those Hilles are couerd with these white Winter-locks in the hottest dayes of Sommer. And it is to be feared, that in some of our farre Countries, Sommer will haue made his progresse a good way into our Land, before the Earth will digest these cold Pellets off from her stomacke.

Cit. It is to be feared indeed: the more is the pitty.

Nor. Why I will tell you Sir, if you saw some places by which I haue passed but within these three weeks, you would verily thinke, that Freezland were come ouer Sea, swimming on a cake of Ice, and that it was longed in England. May you would, if you dwelt as coldly and miserably, as some poore people of our owne Nation doe, you would almost sweare, that those partes of England lay vnder the Frozen Zone, and scarce remember there were a Sunne in Heauen, so seldome doe his fyres cast any heate vpon them.

Freezeland come from beyond Sea.

Cit. But I pray Sir, What are the greatest hurtes and miseries, that people with you (so farre from vs) complaine of? And what kind of world is it with you in the Countrie?

Nor. The world with vs of the Country runns vpon the old retten wheeles; for all the Northren Cloth that is wouen in our Country, will scarce make a Gowne to keepe Charitie warme, shee goes so a-cold: Those that are Rich, haue neuer more Money, and Couetousnesse had neuer lesse pittie. There was neuer in any Age, more Money stirring, (if Turmundgions would let it come forth,) nor euer in any Age more stirre to get Money. Farmers now are slaues to racking prodigall Landlords; and those Landlords are more seruile slaues to their owne Riots and Luxurie. But these are the common Diseases of euery Kingdome, and therfore but common newes. But your desire Sir, is to know how wee spend the dayes of our frosty and snowy-lock'd Age in the

The world no changeling.

Money keepes her bed, and is not stirring.

Old diseases hardly cured.

Countrie.

Citt. That I would heare indeed, Father.

Nor. Beleeue me Sir, as wickedly (you must thinke) as you can heere in the Cittie: It goes as hard with vs, as it does with you, if not harder. The same cold hand of Winter is thrust into our bosomes, the same sharpe and bitter Ayre strikes wounds into our bodyes: the same Snowy flakes and flocks of Heauen fall on our Heades, and couer our Houses: the same Sunne shines vpon vs, but the same Sunne scarce heates vs so much as it does you. The poore Plough-mans children sit crying and blowing their Nayles as lamentably, as the Children & Seruants of your poore Artificers: Hunger pincheth their Cheekes as deepe into the Flesh, as it doth into yours heere. You cry out, you are vndone by the extreame prices of Foode and Fuell; and wee complaine wee are readie to die for want both of Victuailes and Cloathes. All your care is to prouide for your Wiues, Children, and Seruants, in this time of scarcitie: but wee giue beyonde you in cares; not onely our Wiues, our Children, and houshold Seruants, are vnto vs a cause of sorrow, but wee grieue almost to beholde the miserie of our poore Cattell (in this frozen-hearted season) as it doth to looke vpon our owne Affliction. Our Beastes are our faythfull Seruants, and doe their labours truely when wee set them to it: they are our Nurses that giue vs Milke; they are our Guides in our Iornies; they are our Partners, and helpe to inrich our State: yea, they are the very Vpholders of a poore Farmers Lands and Liuings.

The poore Countrymans misery.

His wife and children.

The countrymans care, aboue the Citizen.

Kine.

Alas then! what Father (that loues his Seruant as hee ought) but would almost breake his owne heart-strings with sighing, to see those pine and mourne, as they doe. May, to see Flockes of Sheepe lustie and liuely to day, and to morrow, lying in heapes strangled in

Sheepe.

in the Snow.

The Ground is bare, and not worth a poore handfull of Grasse. The Earth seemes barren, and beares nothing; or if shee doth, most unnaturally shee kilies it presently, or suffers it (through cold) to perish. By which meanes, the lustie Horse abates his flesh, and hanges the head, feeling his strength goe from him: the Oxe stands bellowing, the ragged Sheepe bleating, the poore Lambe shivering and starving to death. Horses, Oxen, Lambes.

The poore Cottager that hath but a Cow to live upon, must feed upon hungry meales (God knowes) when the Beast her selfe hath but a bare Commons; nay, in searching to fill her belly with those hungry Meales, is perhaps on a sodaine, drowned in a ditch.

Hee that is not able to bid all his Cattell home, and to feast them with Fodder out of his Barnes, shall scarce have Cattell at the end of Summer to fetch in his Harvest: which charge of feeding so many Monthes, is able to race a Country-mans estate, if by providence hee cannot prevent such stormes. Adde unto these Mischiefes, these following Miseries, that Hay (to feed Cattell) is not onely excessive deare, but so scant, that none almost is to be had: the like of Straw, which is rayled to an exceeding price: Then the spoyling of whole Warrens, the rotting of our Pastures and Meddowes: And last of all, the undoing of poore Carriers, they being not able, (by reason of deepe Waters, deepe Snowes, and dangerous Wayes) either to transport commodities and benefites from us to your Cittie, or from your Cittie to us. And thus have I to satisfie your desire, given you in a few words a description of an ample, and our lamentable countrie Miserie, happening unto us, by reason of this cold and uncomfortable Weather. Hay sold at extreame rates. Carriers undone.

Cit. The Story you have told (albeit, it yet makes my

my heart bleed, to thinke vpon the calamity of my poore Countreymen;) was vttered with ſo graue a iudgement, and in a time ſo well befitting your age, that I kept mine eares open, and my lippes locke vppe, for I was loath to interupt you till all was told. But I pray Sir, beſides this generall hurtes (of which, the whole Kingdome hath a ſmarting ſhare,) what particuler accidents can you repoꝛt, woꝛthy to be remembꝛed foꝛ the ſtrangeneſſe of them?

Nor. There is no miſcheefe borne alone (you know:) Calamities commonly are (by birth) Twinnes; I will therefoꝛe (like one of your London Traders,) giue ouer ſelling theſe ſadde and bad Commodities in groſſe and whole-ſaile, and fall to put them away by retaile.

Cit. As I haue been your Cuſtomer foꝛ the one, ſo I will pay you ready thankes (as my beſt payment) foꝛ the other.

Nor. I wiſh no better; neyther doe I promiſſe to put theſe Wares into your hands foꝛ the beſt that are, but in ſuch ſoꝛt as they came to me; ſo I hope you will receiue them.

Cit. Gladly.

Nor. Becauſe then you are a Citizen your ſelfe, I will tell you what was truely repoꝛted to mee of a miſchaunce happening to a couple of Londoners now ſince Chriſtmas.

Citt. I hearken to you Sir.

A Tale of two Londoners ryding into the North.

Nor. They two hauing great occaſion to ride into the North, it foꝛtuned that in paſſing ouer a great heath oꝛ Commons, on either ſide of which, were Woods; and being not about two Miles (to their thinking) from the next towne; yet night approching, and the Snow (which then coldly and thickly fell) being by the winde ſo ſharply driuen, and beating in their faces, that they could not looke vp to obſerue the way; they were thereby foꝛced to muffle

muffle themſelues in their Cloakes ouer head and eares, and to truſt to the poore Beaſtes vnder them, to guide them to the Towne, which they knew was not farre off.

Citt. So ſir.

Nor. But their Horſes, hauing libertie of Reynes giuen them, ſought to receiue as little of the bluſtering Stormes as their Maiſters did, and turning their heads as much as they could out of it, left the beaten Path (all hidden in Snow,) and forſaking the direct way to the Towne, had gotten on a ſuddaine into one of the Moores at leaſt foure or fiue Miles: By which time, the two Londoners wondring they were not yet at the Towne, and being halfe dead with cold, looked vp, & found themſelues not onely out of their way, but that the Sky was ſo darke, that they had no hope to come into the right way againe: Trees they ſaw on euery ſide, and thicke Groues, but not ſo much as the glimpſe of a Candle a farre off in any houſe, (which is as a Loadſtarre to a diſcomforted Traueller in the night,) no neither (for all their liſtning) could they heare the bayer either of Man or Beaſt, to aſſure them that people were not farre off from them.

Citt. Moſt lamentable.

Nor. To ſtay there ſtill was dangerous; to goe forward (they knew not whither) more dangerous: of two euils, they made choyce of the leaſt; and that was, to truſt to the mercy of Almighty God, to preſerue them in that place till morning. Their Horſes they tyed vp, to a cold Manger, and to worſe Prouander: their Maiſters had as bad an Inne, as the Seruants: Meate had they none, Fire had they none, no Bedde but the Earth, no Light but the Starres of Heauen.

Good Gueſtes and a bad Inne.

Citt. You make Water euen ſtand in mine Eyes at the report.

Nor. In this vnhappie eſtate shearing vp one another

my heart bleed, to thinke vpon the calamity of my poore Countreymen;) was bttered with so graue a iudgement, and in a time so well befitting your age, that I kept mine eares open, and my lippes locke vppe, for I was loath to interupt you till all was told. But I pray Sir, besides this generall hurtes (of which, the whole Kingdome hath a smarting share,) what particuler accidents can you repoze, worthy to be remembred for the strangenesse of them?

Nor. There is no misbeefe borne alone (you know:) Calamities commonly are (by birth) Twinnes; I will therefore (like one of your London Traders,) giue ouer selling these sadde and bad Commodities in grosse and whole-saile, and fall to put them away by retaile.

Cit. As I haue been your Customer for the one, so I will pay you ready thankes (as my best payment) for the other.

Nor. I wish no better; neyther doe I promise to put these Wares into your hands for the best that are, but in such sort as they came to me; so I hope you will receiue them.

Cit. Gladly.

Nor. Because then you are a Cittizen your selfe, I will tell you what was truely reported to me of a mischaunce happening to a couple of Londoners now since Christmas.

Cite. I harken to you Sir.

A Tale of two Londoners ryding into the North.

Nor. They two hauing great occasion to ryde into the North, it fortuned that in passing ouer a great Heath or Commons, on either side of which, were Woods; and being not aboue two Miles (to their thinking) from the next towne, yet night approching, and the Snow (which then coldly and thickly fell) being by the winde so sharply driuen, and beating in their faces, that they could not looke vp to obserue the way; they were thereby forced to muffle

muffle themselues in their Cloakes ouer head and eares, and to trust to the poore Beastes vnder them, to guide them to the Towne, which they knew was not farre off.

Cit. So sir.

Nor. But their Horses, hauing libertie of Reynes giuen them, sought to receiue as little of the blustering Stormes as their Maisters did, and turning their heads as much as they could out of it, left the beaten Path (all hidden in Snow,) and forsaking the direct way to the Towne, had gotten on a suddaine into one of the Woods at leâst foure or fiue Miles: By which time, the two Londoners wondring they were not yet at the Towne; and being halfe dead with cold, looked vp, & found themselues not onely out of their way, but that the Sky was so darke, that they had no hope to come into the right way againe: Trees they saw on euery side, and thicke Groues, but not so much as the glimpse of a Candle a farre off in any house, (which is as a Loadstarre to a discomforted Traueller in the night,) no neither (for all their listning) could they heare the voyce either of Man or Beast, to assure them that people were not farre off from them.

Cit. Most lamentable.

Nor. To stay there still was dangerous; to goe forward (they knew not whither) more dangerous: of two euils, they made choyce of the least; and that was, to trust to the mercy of Almighty God, to preserue them in that place till morning. Their Horses they tyed vp, to a cold Manger, and to worse Prouander: their Maisters had as bad an Inne, as the Seruants: Meate had they none, Fire had they none, no Bedde but the Earth, no Light but the Starres of Heauen. Good Guestes and a bad Inne.

Cit. You make Water euen stand in mine Eyes at the report.

Nor. In this dolefull estate chearing vp one another the

the best that they could; and walking up and downe to keepe their numbed bodyes in heate, behold, one of the two, what with cold, and what with conceite of so unfortunate an accident, fell sodainely sicke. What comfort could there him? none, but his friend, that stood at the same brooke of mercie with him.

Cit. Alacke, alacke.

One of them dyes.

Nor. That dangerous cold Feaver more and more shaking him; the last fitte that held him, ended both his sicknesse, and his life.

Cit. Dyed he there?

Nor. There, in the Armes of his Friend, and his mother (the Earth) hee dyed.

Cit. What a terrour was this to his desolate Companion?

Nor. Could it be otherwise? Yet God suffering one to live, least the Fowles of the Ayre, should have devoured both, and so their deaths not have bin knowne. Hee, so soone as ever any light from heaven shone forth, tooke his way and leave of his dead Friend, to finde out some Towne; and did so: where, to some of the dwellers relating the sadde story of himselfe and Friend, pittie (as it could not otherwise choose) so stirred in their bosomes, that along they went with him to the dolefull place and spectacle; which taking up, and having bestowed due rites of Buriall upon it; the other Friend, ouergrieuing at the losse of his Companion, and at so rare and vnheard-of a Calamitie, fell likewise extreamely sicke in the same Towne: And whether he did recouer or not, I have not heard.

Cit. I have not heard of a Newes that so deeply hath strucke sorrow into mee.

Nor. I beleeue you: Let blacke Clouds fly together; heere be more of the same sadde colours, which I report not for certaine truthes, but as flying Newes;

and

and these they are. I heard, that a company of Horse-men riding together, spyed another Horseman ryding singly by himselfe, some quarter of a Mile before them in plaine view, and on a sodaine was vanished cleane out of sight; at which they all much wondring, considering the plainenesse of the way; and mistrusting the worst, noted the place (so neere as they could) where they lost a sight of him: And putting Spurres to their Horse, came, and found both Man and Horse faine into a Pitte of Snow, struggling and striving for life. Whereupon, leaping from their Horses, with much adoe they saued both Horse and Man, and drew them forth. In labouring to doe which, not farre from him, lay three or foure men more, and their Horses under them, buried in the same Pitte of Snow.

Other strange cucnts.

Cit. To second this report of yours: A Customer of mine, no longer agone then yesterday, told mee heere in my Shoppe, that upon New-market Heath in Cambridge shire, three men in severall places, were found dead in the same manner.

Nor. Not unlikly. And in many other Countries, many more, both Men, Women, and Children, have perished, that never will come within reach of our knowledge.

Cit. It is to be feared.

Nor. Amongst so much fowle meate, I should do you wrong, if I did not set one pleasing Dish before you; I will therefore tell you a merry Tale of a Collier, that happened since this great Snow.

Cit. I shall be glad to heare it.

Nor. I call it merry, in respect of the sodaine accident attending on it, albeit it fell out sadly enough for the poore Collier: And thus it was.

Cit. Come on Sir.

Nor. In my approching neere London, I overtooke

A Tale of a Collier.

a Collier, and his Teame loaden, walking as stately as if they scorn'd to carry Coales; for their pace was iust like that of Salt-mens Horses when they march to London with full Sackes on their backes. I asked honest Grimme, Why hee made no more haste, to put heate into his Horses and him selfe, seeing the Weather so cold? Not so (reply'd hee) no more haste then good; Soft fire makes sweete Malt: Let mee trotte to day, that I may amble more easily to morrow. If I should put my Horses into a sweate, they may hap put me into such a cold sweate, as the last day a Brother of mine (a Coale-carrier also) fell into, which strucke him so to the heart, that five loaves of Coales cannot get warme him.

Cit. Belike then, hee tooke an extraordinary cold.

Nor. You shall heare. I prayse my black-faste Gentleman to tell the Newes out: And so (his whistle lying still) he reported, That a Collier going to London with a load of Coales, hee himselfe ryding by, on a little foule Nagge, it fortuned that a Gentleman discharging his Birding-peece at Fowle, some of the small Shott flying through a Hedge, happened to tickle my fellow Colliers Nagge: which hotte shower put more courage into him, then ever the Whip was able to giue him, insomuch that he ran away with the Collier as fast, as if hee had been ryding to Hell, to serue their Furnaces there with flying: the whole Teame spying their Master to runne in vsuall post-gallop, and frighted with the noyse of the Peece, left the high-way (their ordinarie beaten path,) and as if the Diuell had beene in one of the Sackes, after the Collier they ran, who cryed, Hey, and How, and Roe, and Gee; but none of his carterly Rethorick was able to stay them, vntill Cart & Coales were ouerthrowne, and with the fall, the Axletree broken. By which time, albeit the Colliers Nagge were halfe come to his wittes, yet the Collier himselfe began to be

The Colliers Horse will stand on no ground.

The blacke Tragedie.

starke

ſtarke mad.

Cit. By my ſayth hee had reaſon.

Nor. And in that furie (quoth the other Collier) hee fell a curſing of Gunnes, haue a Pox of all Powder; cryed out, It was a ſhame, that poore harmeleſſe Birds could not be ſuffered in ſuch pittifull cold weather, to ſaue them-ſelues vnder a Buſh, when euery lowſie Beggar had the ſame libertie, but that euery paltrie Peter-gunner, muſt fart Fire and Brimſtone at them. But, the woefull ſpectacle of his Great Coale, turnde and grinded into Small, by the iogging and iouſting: And his Horſes beeing in ſuch a durtie pickle, made him giue ouer curſing: So that taking his Teame out of the Cart, and tying the Foze-horſe to a Hedge, backe gallops my fellow Goole-ſtealer, to the next Towne for a new Axeltree. In whoſe vnhappie blacke abſence, the former Bird-killer making another ſhoote, the whole Teame (now madder then before, as beeing not vſed to ſuch Muſicke, brake from the Hedge; and beeing out of their Croydon Caronto, vp Hill, and downe Dale, they flye, as if Wilde-fire had been tyed to their tayles; vntill at laſt, happening into a narrow Lane, deepely filled vp with Snow, on they ruſhe: the firſt (like ill Companie on a Shroue-tueſday) drawing on the ſecond, and ſo hee the third; and then not beeing able to turne backe, but ſtrugling and beating wap in that cold paſſing, where none was to be had: In the end beeing tyred with ſtriuing, downe the poore Beaſts fell, and there were ſtyffled in the Snow. Thus was the Colliers Tale to mee; but what the lamentations of the other Collier were at his comming backe, I thinke you may gueſſe.

The Collier tickles it for a Satyre.

Hinc illæ Lacrimæ.

Madd horſe play.

Cit. Such, that I warrant you, he wept more warme water, then euer he had at any countrie Barbers to waſh his lowſie Face on a Satterday night.

Nor. You haue heard of some misfortunes, lately happening vnto certaine Graziers?

Cit. No indeede, Sir.

A Tale of Graziers.

Nor. Then take it for truth and on my credite, that a good company of them comming vp together to London, with great store both of Sheepe and Bullocks, they lost, by reason of the Snowes and deepe Wayes, so many of either (especially of Sheepe) that perished in great numbers, euen on the way, and before their faces, that if they had been sold to their value, it had been a sufficient estate to haue maintained a very good man, and haue kept him rich all his life time.

Cit. I beleeue you Sir: But I pray Sir, What is your opinion of this strange Winter? Giue mee your iudgement I beseech you, of these Frosts and Snowes; and what (in the schoole of your Experience) you haue read, or can remember, may be the effects, which they may produce, or which of consequence are likely now to follow.

A old Man is a new Almanacke.

Nor. I shall doe my best to satisfie you. When these great hilles of Snow, and these great Mountaines of Yce be bigger volume, and be made leuell with the Waters; when these hard Rocks shall melt into Riuers, and these white Fethers of Penuen ricke vpon the backes of Floods; and that soonne Thawes shall shew, that the Anger of these Winter stormes are mollified; then it is to be feared, that the sunne, violent, and vnresistable Land-currents (or rather Torrents) will beare downe Bridges, drowne Buildings, ouer-flow our Corne-fields, ouer-run the Pastures, ydrowne our Cattell, and endanger the liues both of Man and Beast, traueling on their way; And, vnlesse Gods hand of plentie be held open, a Dearth, to strike the Land in the following Summer.

What is likely to happen vpon this great Snowes.

Cit. You say right. This Prognostication which

your Iudgement thus lookes into, did alwayes fall out to be true.

Nor. These extraordinarie Feauers (shaking a whole Kingdome) haue alwayes other mortall Diseases waiting vpon them.

Cit. Wee are best to feare it; and by fearing, prouide against them.

Nor. I pray God (at whose commaund, the Sunne sendes forth his heate, and the Windes bitter Stormes to deface the fruites of it,) that in this last Affliction sent downe in Flakes from the angry Element, all other Miseries may be hidden, swallowed, and confounded.

Cit. I gladly, and from my heart, play the Clarke, crying, Amen.

Nor. But I pray Sir, now you haue melted a great part of our North-country Snow out of mee, how hath your Citie heere (with all their Castles, and S. George a horsebacke to helpe it,) borne off the Storme?

Cit. Mary, I will tell you how, sir: Iust as our London Fencers often times doe in their Challenges: Shee has taken it full vpon the Head.

Nor. Shee thinkes, and I see it with mine eyes, it cannot hurt you much; for your Streets are fuller of people then euer they were.

Cit. True sir; but full Streetes, make Shoppes emptie: It's a signe that Tradesmen and Handy-crafts, haue either little to doe, or else can doe little, by reason of the Weather, when they throw by their Tooles, fall to slinging of Snow-balls. I assure you Father, the tyranny of this Season, kills all trading (vnlesse in billanie, which shunks for no Weather,) so that all commerce lies dead. Besides, it lessens our Markets for prouision, so that all sort of Food was neuer more deare: It eates vp Firing, and almost starues the Poore, who are not able to buy Coale or Wood, the rates vpon euery Frostie

The hurt the Citie takes by this Snow.

Morning, being lifted vp and rayſed at the pleaſure of euery paultry Chandler. Men of Occupations, for the moſt part lie ſtill; as Carpenders, Bricklayers, Plaiſterers, and ſuch like: not one of theſe, nor of many other, turnes Alchimiſt, for (vnleſſe they bee Shooe-makers) none can extract or melt a penny of Siluer out of all theſe heapes of Snow.

Nor. You now haue giuen mee a large ſatisfaction.

Cit. Nay, if you ſhould walke but alongſt one ſtreete onely in London; and that is Thames ſtreete, and to ſee their Cellers & Ware-houſes full of rich Merchandize drowned, and vtterly ſpoyld, you would both wonder at the loſſe, which cannot be ſet downe; and lament it, albeit you know it to be none of your owne.

The dwellers in Thames ſtreet.

Nor. I bee already (by your report, to which I giue much credite) lamenting it in others, as if it were mine. one I ſorrow not theſe Tragicall paſſions, I ſuffer for them vpon the reporting. But putting them by, I pray Sir, ſeeing I haue burdened ſelfe to you here in your ſhop, ſend mee you may home like a Colliers Porter, onely with an empty Sacke on my backe: let mee haue ſome good Medies to carry withall.

Cit. The beſt, moſt noble, that I haue at this time, to beſtow vpon you, is to requeſt you to ſtep into Smithfield, where you ſhall ſee by the carefull prouidence, care, and induſtrie, of our Honorable Senators (the Fathers of our Cittie) much Money buried vnder that durtie Fielde, by the hyring of huntpots of Labourers to reduce it (as it is reported) to the faireſt and moſt famous Market-place, that is in the whole Kingdome.

The pauing of Smithfield.

Nor. A Market-place! now truſt mee, it ſtandes it for ſo noble a purpoſe, and will be a memorable Monument to after Ages, of the royaltie, diligence, wiſedome, and bountie, of this. But where ſhall your Cheapſide Market be then kept, this muſt either blinder that, or

Smithfield made a Market place.

that

that this?

Cit. Cheapside shall by this meanes, haue her Streetes freed from that trouble, by sending it hither, if (as it is reported) it proue a Market place...

Nor. It will adde that beautie to that spacious place, which in former times hath by Horses and Paniers, and Butter-wives, been taken from it: May, the very Street it selfe, by this meanes, will shew like a large new Exchange, or Rialta, such a commerce of Gentlemen and Citizens will be seene there daily by walking vpon it: I thanke you for this Newes; this goes with mee into the North: And when I heare that the worke is finished, Ile take off one ten-yeares of mine, because Ile come vp iustly to London once againe, to see such an honour to your Cittie.

Cit. And when you doe, you shall finde (as Report already giues it out) besides the Market, two goodly Receiptes for Water, fairely built, to adde vnto it the greater glory and beautie.

Nor. Your Cittie is full of honourable deedes; and euer may it be so. I haue troubled you long: your Mony will I bring to you to Morrow morning; in the meane time, because (as durty as your Streets are) I must trot vp and downe, to dispatch many businesses. I will for this time, take my leaue of you; and the rather, for that (you see) it hath now left snowing.

Cit. Sir, you are most heartily wel-come.

FINIS.